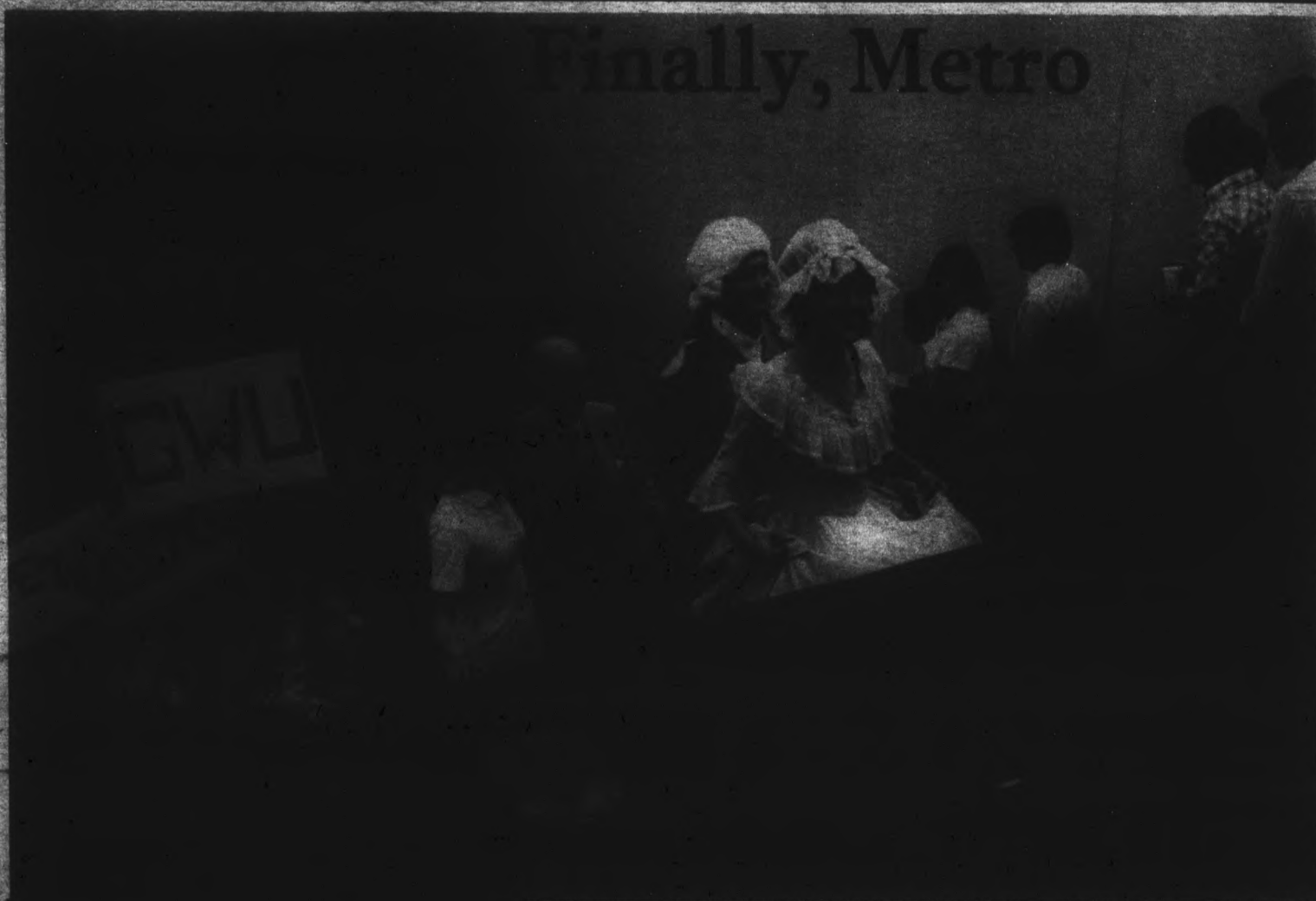


Hatchet

SUMMER RECORD

Vol. 74 No. 3 July 21, 1977



Foggy Bottom-GWU Station Opens July 1 Amid Fanfare

The Blue Line of the Metrorail System opened on July 1, connecting GW with National Airport, RFK Stadium, Dupont Circle, Rhode Island Ave., NE and points in between.

The station located near Ross Hall at 23rd and I Sts., NW is expected to be a boon for students commuting from the Virginia suburbs and from the Capitol Hill area of the District.

Most of the stations on the new line had their opening celebrations on July 4, but GW held its own on the 1st. GW President Lloyd H. Elliott attended the opening, and so did George and Martha Washington, by proxy in costume.

Trains are scheduled to run every five minutes during rush hours and every ten minutes at other times along the new line's 18 stops. Numerous breakdowns have plagued the line's first weeks of operation, but Metro officials say that the problems are being corrected.

Metro planned to have many of the bus routes in Virginia end at either Rosslyn Metro station or at the National Airport station starting July 17, but this was put off until

August 1 due to the line's mechanical problems. Free transfers from rail to bus are available, but not from bus to rail.

All Metro riders, with the opening of the new line, are required to buy a farecard which must be used when entering and leaving a station. The cards are bought at special machines in each station and are available in amounts of up to \$20. A

magnetic recording strip on the farecard records where the ride begins and when the passenger exits the distance traveled is computed and the rider is charged accordingly.

Most rides are the minimum 40 cents from the Foggy Bottom-GWU station because most of the metro system is not yet open.

See METRO, p. 3

Inside...

Library Gets Grant
SSHP—What It Is
Soccer—The Coming Year

TYPING—IBM Selectric, experienced, accurate, prompt, reasonable rates. 593-5181.

THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE OF THE HATCHET FOR THE SUMMER. THE NEXT ISSUE WILL COME OUT THURSDAY, SEPT. 1.

Fly Your Own Jet Fly Navy

THAT'S RIGHT!! In less than two years you could be the pilot in command of one of various multi-mission jet, prop, or helicopter aircraft in naval aviation. We train the best—we have to!! Regardless of your academic background, if you have the desire to fly, you may be qualified. If interested contact:

Lt. Dave McKeever
Presidential Bldg. Suite 301
Hyattsville, Md. 20782
Tel. (301) 436-2072

Career Services is offering four hours of intensive job skills workshops on Thursday, July 21—

9:30 a.m.— Organizing Your Job Search
11 a.m.— D.C. Job Resources
1:30 p.m.— Resume Writing
3 p.m.— Interviewing

All workshops will be held at Woodhull House. You do not have to attend all sessions, nor do you need to sign up in advance.

Red Lion

2024 Eye St. N.W.

293-1440

GW Special
Mon.-Fri. 4 PM-7 PM Only
Back by Popular Demand

your choice of

Salami
Liverwurst
or Hot Pastrami

Plus a mug of beer
for only \$1.00

NY Style Deli Sandwiches served from 11:30 AM til' 2 AM Mon-Fri
Sat-Sun 6 PM- 2 AM

Bon Appetit

2040 Eye St. N.W.

452-0055

18 Varieties of Hamburgers

Famous Isabella Delicious Subs

Mon. -Fri.
7:30 -1 AM

Sat. & Sun.
12 noon - 1 am

No Interruption In Summer Vet Student Aid

GI Bill summer students continuing school in the fall with less than a month's break should experience no interruption in their VA checks between terms.

According to Cynthia Wolff, GW Veterans Affairs Coordinator, the only condition is that students be continuously enrolled or preregister early enough to allow for processing paper work.

Wolff said there are an estimated 1,700 on-campus students receiving veterans' benefits, and about the same number off-campus. About a half million GI Bill and Dependents' Education Assistance students in schools nationwide this summer will benefit from the new procedures.

Students who are not eligible for continuous payment because there is more than a calendar-month break between terms have the option of receiving either an advance payment or a regular end-of-the-month payment.

New procedures permit advance payment for the first month—or partial month—of attendance, plus the following month, only if the student makes a written request 30 days before registration and the school agrees to process the advance payment. Previously, all students received the advance payment automatically.

The Veterans' Administration has also streamlined its student loan procedures. Applications from veterans will now be preprocessed. In the past, loans were not available until after the school year began.

GW Library Receives \$455,000 Grant For Audio-Visual Center

The GW library has received from the Sarah Scafe Foundation a three-year grant of \$455,753 to establish a television news center containing all the weekday evening news broadcasts of the three major networks since 1968, including such special broadcasts as the Watergate hearings.

Making use of the Vanderbilt University Television News Archive Collection, the center will be established as a prototype regional

video center. Users may borrow complete newscasts, or research compilations by subject matter.

Special facilities will include a 75-seat multi-purpose room equipped for large-screen video projection, and video playback units for individual viewing in both open and closed environments. Under the provisions of the grant, the library will also develop a directory of video resources in the metropolitan area.

"The goal of the grant would be not only to make the Vanderbilt Archive conveniently available to students, researchers, faculty, professionals and government staff, but to educate them about the potential of the Archive for their specific needs," Rupert C. Woodward, University librarian, said.

"The TV news archive is a rich new resource for research and for study by students of the communication arts and other disciplines as the role of televised news in the creation of national consciousness and in the collective decision-making process is explored more extensively."

Woodward speculated GW might have been chosen as the project site because it was a good-sized university located downtown in the nation's capital. The foundation approached the library with the idea of housing the center prompting the library to draw up a proposal which apparently satisfied them, Woodward said.

Woodward said he didn't think many persons would ask for entire news broadcasts, but instead thought researchers would request groups of videotapes on specific topics for purposes of comparison and historical reference.

The television news service will be located on the lower level in the library's audio-visual department, which will be expanded, Woodward said. Some hiring of new personnel will also be necessary, he said.

Lesko Quits As SAO Director

After just one year as student activities director, Leila Lesko has resigned her post, effective Sept. 1.

Lesko, who succeeded David G. Speck as student activities director after serving three years in other SAO positions, will be joining a family firm, Washington Researchers, as a director. She said she felt four years in SAO was enough.

"Student activities is an area that needs changes—fresh blood," she said.

Her successor will probably be chosen later this week, Lesko said.



Leila Lesko will join family firm

Several applicants are being interviewed for the post, including Rita Goldman, assistant student activities director/orientation.

Along with other duties, SAO is responsible for coordinating student activities, doing orientation programs for incoming students, overseeing the Program Board and handling the budget of it and some other student groups, including the Student Volunteer Action Council and the Hatches.

Lesko said she thought one of her major accomplishments was helping the Hatches identify and move to correct financial problems which she said caused an estimated \$15,000 deficit during the past fiscal year.

SAO's role needs to be more precisely defined in the future, she said, adding that her staff and other offices within the Student Affairs division had been working during the summer on ways they could better use resources. "That could give us a lot of ideas as to where we can go" toward future growth, she said.

—Larry Olmstead



Anthropology Prof. Robert L. Humphrey, left, GWUSA senator Theda Fabian (at-large), center, and Geography Prof. Kenneth J. Langran, right, pose with a hand-carved wooden plaque presented by the government of Honduras to all GW students. The presentation was made in Honduras during the summer sessions course "Field Methods in Compara-

tive Cultural Ecology." Twenty-two students, among them Jeff Carter, accompanied by his wife Annett, did field work in Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Langran and Humphrey conducted the program, a joint offering of the geology and anthropology departments. (photo by Andrew Tonks for GW PR)

Another Carter Attends GW

Amy Carter, the overprivileged kid from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, is one of a select group of fifth graders attending GW's reading center this summer.

The five week enrichment course is focusing on the theme of transportation, with each kid doing a report on a particular type. As part of their projects, the kids do self-directed research and spend time in museums concentrating on particular topics.

Amy is the second Carter to attend GW. Brother Jeff is a geography major in Columbian College.

The cost of the five week course is \$300.

Campus Wrap-Up

Marianne R. Phelps, assistant provost for affirmative action, has been appointed University coordinator for compliance with section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, which requires the University to provide the handicapped access to all programs, including employment, and to designate an employee to coordinate the University's compliance effort.

Phelps will be responsible for coordinating compliance plans, providing counsel to University officials affected by Section 504, consulting with handicapped persons in developing compliance plans, and recommending policies required for compliance.

Cafeteria Hours

The Marvin Center second floor cafeteria will be open for a la carte meals and "all you can eat" specials for breakfast and lunch until Aug. 24. The hours are 7:30—9:30 am for breakfast and 11:30—1:30 pm for lunch. The cafeteria is no longer open for dinner during the summer.

Rathskeller hours are 8 am to midnight. Between Aug. 25—31, the Rathskeller will be open until 2 pm.

New Metro Blue Line

METRO, from p. 1

Only two lines are presently open, the blue line and the red line. Riders from GW must take the Blue Line to Metro Center station in order to switch to the Red Line. Travel to National Airport, RPK Stadium and the Capitol is direct from GW. Dupont Circle and Union Station are on the Red Line, however.

When working properly, speed seems to be the strong point of Metrorail. The trip from GW to Rosslyn takes only about 2 minutes, not counting waiting time. National Airport is only a few minutes farther.

Persons at GW who intend to use the Metro for commuting face at least one major drawback. At least for now, the system is open only from 6 a.m. until 8 p.m. The 210 Bus lines ended at the various rail stations will resume their complete routes while the rail system is closed, however. The Metro is also closed on weekends.

Since the Blue Line's opening, Metro has been averaging 105,000 riders per day. The Red Line opened 15 months ago.

Hazard Inspections

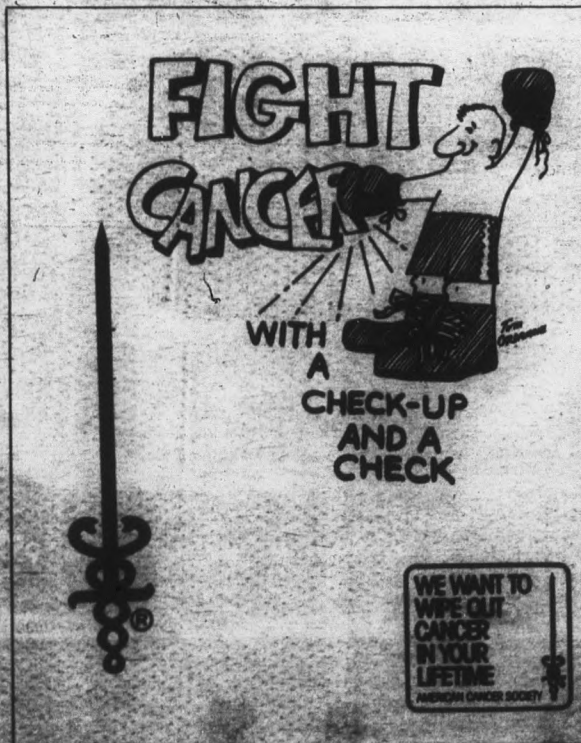
GW Hospital's Safety, Fire and Accident Prevention Committee has begun a hazard surveillance program in the facility in line with requirements of the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals.

Five teams of committee members will survey different areas of the hospital each month, according to Herbert J. Klippen, new safety director for the Medical Center.

Departments will be informed of the time of inspections, and will be welcome to accompany the teams on their rounds, Klippen said. Following inspections, the teams will give oral reports, followed up by written reports.

Hours

Hours through Aug. 31
Mon—Fri 8:45 am—5 pm
Law Registration
Thursday, Aug 18 8:45—7:30 pm
Friday, Aug 19 8:45 am—6:30 pm
University Registration
Thursday, Sept 1 8:45 am—7:30 pm
Friday, Sept 2 8:45 am—7:30 pm
Saturday, Sept 3 9 am—1:30 pm



Electricity Missing In 'New York, New York'

All the excitement, glamor, and fervor that pervades New York only manages to appear briefly in *New York, New York*. Even the fine performances of Liza Minnelli and Robert de Niro, two of the leading box office attractions, aren't enough to brighten up this dingy, washrag production, abominably directed by Martin Scorsese.

As the publicity build-up informs us, the setting is the big city. This is a place where they make the big money and where the big stars live. The fact is there are many things about New York, New York that are nothing less than terrible. But these

successful ingredients only succeed in making the film all the more maddening and frustrating for the audience.

Susan Baer

... ON MOVIES

De Niro's portrayal of Jimmy Doyle, a talented but impulsive and hot-tempered club singer, trying to make it in the club

demureness does not become her. Neither do the flashy '40's outfits and hair styles that tend to swallow and overwhelm her. With all the injustices, Liza still manages to pull through and give an adequate performance.

The unimpressive cast, however, does not have a chance to shine. The film is slow and the editing is slow. The many scenes of the club are ineffective.

production is simple, predictable, and hackneyed with few imaginative or clever twists. Francine Evans, a humble and kind-hearted singer with a great reservoir of talent, falls in love with and marries Jimmy Doyle, an ambitious and also talented saxophone player.

The two were together for a while until Evans, who is at the top, decides to leave Doyle and success.

The film is a waste of time. The scenes of the club are ineffective and the editing is slow.

The movie is filled, perhaps crowded, with musical numbers such as "The Man I Love" and "You Are My Lucky Star," that try to recreate the big band sound of the 1940's. While the tunes are familiar

and popular ones, they are too frequent and tend to draw out the scenes, especially since Liza does not emit her usual energy and vitality.

Only near the end, in "But the World Goes Round" and the title song, "New York, New York," is she allowed to sing. But one must endure hours of mediocrity for the wait may only be for true Minnelli love.

The movie publicized "Happy Trails" production number, most of which is on the cutting room floor. It is a waste of time. The film may have been a happier ending with the entire segment.

There is a line that says "a man should be when you have everything in life you could possibly want." New York, New York has everything it could possibly ask for, but somehow it has hit a sour note.

David Irving's New Book Raises Fuhrer

"Hitler's War" by David Irving, 926 pages, Viking, \$17.50.

Hitler's War practically gives the reader a chance to watch World War II through Hitler's eyes. We are able to see Germany's Fuhrer

Ron Ostroff

through the diaries of the persons closest to him—personal secretaries, aides, government leaders, in addition to the accounts of author David Irving.

When France fell in June of 1940, Irving writes, "Hitler could now fulfill a lifelong dream to visit Paris and see its architecture... Over dinner Hitler could talk of nothing but the next day's visit. At 4 am the next morning... here, at least, towering above him in stone and iron and stained glass, were the monuments so familiar to him from the pages of his architectural encyclopedias... For those three brief hours shortly after dawn he wandered around..."

Once Irving shows that Hitler was of flesh and blood, the book's thesis is basic: "While Adolf Hitler was a powerful and relentless military commander, the war years saw him as a lax and indecisive political leader who allowed affairs of state to rot. In fact, he was probably the weakest leader Germany has known in this century."

Later Irving quotes the Fuhrer himself. "...the moment the war is over, I am going to hang my uniform on a nail, retire here, and let somebody else take over the government. As an old man I will write my memoirs, surrounded by clever, intellectual people—I never want to see another officer. My two elder secretaries will stay with me and do the typing."

"Brutal and insensitive in petty matters, Hitler lacked the ability to be ruthless where it mattered most... the more hermetically Hitler locked himself away behind the barbed wire and minefields of his remote military headquarters, the more his Germany became a Fuhrer-Staat without a Fuhrer."

To put it simply, Irving maintains that Hitler was not in control. Irving produces evidence that the Fuhrer only received the information his aides and the other leaders passed up to him. Irving writes, "Small wonder that when his closest crony of all those years, SS General Josef ('Sepp') Dietrich, was asked by the American Seventh Army for opinion

of Hitler on June 1, 1945, he replied, 'He knew even less than the rest. He allowed himself to be taken for a sucker by everyone.'"

Hitler was paranoid. Although he seemed to trust most of the persons giving him his information, he had a feeling that his generals and their aides were not always following his orders. The fear was justified. Irving provides several examples of Hitler's direct orders either never being carried out or being reversed.

When the Fuhrer needed an expression of dissent—an honest difference of opinion—it wasn't there. Irving writes, "Characteristically, nobody interrupted or contradicted Hitler."

Irving proposes that Hitler never wanted the Jews of Europe exterminated. According to documents Irving uncovered, Hitler just wanted the Jews out of his Europe. He first wanted them all moved to certain sections of Poland and then to Madagascar.

In November 1941, Hitler wrote an order forbidding the liquidation of the Jews. Irving says he found a hand-written note to this effect in SS Reichsfuhrer Heinrich Himmler's private files.

Irving contends that the concentration camps and the mass shootings were used to exterminate Jews only through a violation of that November 1941 order. Irving piles on the evidence to prove that until the very end, Hitler never knew.

Irving writes, "On several subsequent dates in 1942 Hitler made—in private—statements which are totally incompatible with the notion that he knew that the liquidation program had in fact begun."

In 1943, and again in early 1944, I find that documents being submitted to Hitler by the SS were tampered with so as to camouflage the truth about the program. Irving describes the killings as "...the way out of an awkward dilemma, chosen by middle-level authorities in the eastern territories overrun by the Nazis..."



David Irving's new book, *Hitler's War*, gives the reader a chance to watch World War II through the German dictator's eyes.

Once away from Irving's content, well-documented, there are still there is the question of his sources. quotes from Hitler and other leaders. Although the huge volume is that seem to come from nowhere.

Ritchie's Record Misses The Beat

My summer roommate, an opera enthusiast, will occasionally wrinkle his nose at the sound of funky disco. Asked why, he'll haughtily respond, "It's so—insignificant."

Those of us who believe there is significance to disco tightly grasp the work of the Ritchie Family. Surely many persons, including those who are not opera enthusiasts, agree with my roommate's assessment of disco. But the Ritchie Family has in the past been able to transcend the sound-alike jiggle-around-the-dance-floor music typical of most disco groups.

Alas, our hearts are broken. Disappointment comes in the form of the Ritchie Family's latest release, *African Queens* (Marlin), an album which illustrates the difficulty in producing consistently good disco.

The Ritchie Family—Cheryl Mason Jacks, Cassandra Ann Wooten and Gwen Oliver—is, of course, not a family at all. Wooten and Oliver, former members of a group called Honey & The Bees, were rescued from obscurity by producers Jacques Morali and Ritchie Rome, who added Jacks.

At first, the girls were just studio performers backing up a studio-orchestrated album. But after early success they have been nurtured into an act still around after many disco groups have left the scene.

Unfortunately, their big commercial hits (like "Brazil" and "The Best Disco In Town") make people overlook how well-made and finely orchestrated the rest of their work is. *Arabian Nights*, which contains "Best Disco," is not only

an exceptional dance record but contains only tracks that are eminently listenable, and some that are almost beautiful.

African Queens may be all right at a party, where its driving beat would keep the get-down crowd on its feet. However, one might have trouble just listening to it, since the lack of tight arrangement and execution combine to make it tedious. Unlike most Ritchie material, *African Queens* is quite forgettable.

Larry Olmstead

... ON MUSIC

The album uses Africa as its theme, with authentic African instruments played throughout the album. These don't make the album interesting, though—what it really needs is an authentic song arranger.

Two songs on side two—"Summer Dance" and "Quiet Village"—are even less than routine disco. "Quiet Village" could have been saved by more imaginative arrangement, but it sounds so confused, and runs so long that it gets tiring.

"Summer Dance" illustrates another problem prevalent in the album—an overabundance of instrumentation (or poor mixing) obscuring the vocals. Many songs the Ritchie Family does could be stronger numbers with more powerful singing arrangements. Instead, the music frequently does not sound tied together, and comes off as little more than noise.

The last cut on the side, "Voodoo," does permit the girls to vocalize, making an otherwise humdrum song pleasurable.

"African Queens," actually five mini-cuts that take up the first side, is an example of the advantages and disadvantages of non-stop disco. Because there are no breaks, the music tends to drone until about the eight-minute mark, where it gets down right tedious.

The "African Queens" mini-cut is excellent dance music, with characteristic fine horn-playing, although it also sometimes suffers from over-instrumentation. The music and lyrics have a silly '60's quality attached to the disco beat, creating a childish but enchanting effect.

The transition between it and "Theme of Nefertiti," is excellent. "Nefertiti" has good vocals and is well paced. In fact, it is probably the best minute-and-a-half on the album and leaves us wanting more.

"Theme of Cleopatra" and "Theme of Sheba" are not quite as good. The arrangement is again silly and confused.

Which leaves us wondering. What happened to the exciting, interesting arrangements of the Ritchie Family's three previous albums? Where are the beautiful melodies that ran through earlier recordings that made their music—well, significant?

As enjoyable dance music, *AFRICAN QUEENS* is good, but that isn't much of an accomplishment. *AFRICAN QUEENS* will be no help in defending disco.

Moore For Fans Who Still Love That Spy

Okay, so Gary Arnold didn't like it. Big deal. He's been wrong before, right? And besides, when you go to see a James Bond flick, chances are you're not expecting next April's "Best Picture." More likely you're hoping for some awesome Hollywood stunt work, a parade of gorgeous women, and a barrage of corny puns which you know you would have thought of if you'd been there.

Gary Komarow

... on films

"The Spy Who Loved Me" is the latest, and possibly the last, screenplay based on the Ian Fleming series. For those who have been flocking to these films since "Dr. No" came out—gosh, has it been fifteen years already?—the genre may be starting to wear a bit thin. But to the Walter Mittys of the world, 007 still loves you, and continues to greet you with his famous "The name is Bond. James Bond."

"Spy" may be the tackiest Bond effort since the "Casino Royale" spoof. Roger Moore remains his saintly

self, turning the Bond character into the superhuman hero who seduces women at the twinkling of an eye, Sean Connery was good, but not that good.

Moore's female counterpart is a Soviet spy (the English and the Russians are working together on this one) played by Barbara Bach. She reminds you of Marie Osmond without the toothy grin. She lacks the ability to put some life into the cute lines which screenwriter Christopher Wood and Richard Maibaurn have provided. But lines or no lines, when Bond's around, even the KGB can't keep a girl's clothes on.

The villains in this film are standard Bond fare. They have kept the record of their predecessors in tact by stealing something relevant. You may remember that the bad guys in the last Bond film, "The Man With the Golden Gun," were after the solution to the energy crisis; this time, they're stealing nuclear submarines out of the water.

The antagonist is played by Curt Jurgens. One of the Hurgens cohorts is a rather large fellow with strength that would make George Reeves blush and a mouth full of metal. He is appropriately named "Jaws." To round

things out, there is also a shark in the film, and towards the end, Jaws and the shark have it out. I'll leave the outcome to your imagination.

Marvin Hamlisch is also in the movie. He doesn't appear, of course, but his background music is so noticeable that you sometimes wish they would just arrange to have a seduction scene at the local symphony hall so that Marvin and Roger could both show off their talents.

If you overlook these minor defects, "Spy" has much going for it. The photography is fantastic, as is the usual "special equipment" supplied to 007 by the marvelous "Q". Not the least of this is a white Lotus which turns into a submarine at the push of a button and somehow manages to never get dirty. The special effects are equally astounding, from the opening scene in the Austrian alps to the final battle sequence which brings back memories of "Thunderball."

In short, if you're looking for a "good" movie, Circle schedules are posted all over campus. But if you're looking for a change from your own hum-drum existence, check out the latest Bond effort.



Most of Jesse Winchester's publicity has been concerned with his political stands. Winchester, who fled to Canada to escape the draft, has just returned to the U.S. where his new album, *Nothing But a Breeze* (Bearsville), has just been released. Despite his lengthy stay in Canada, his music shows that he has not forgotten his Southern roots.

'Nothing But A Breeze' Is Nothing But The Best

For a long time to come it will be impossible to discuss Jesse Winchester's artistic talents without first mentioning his historical importance. It's been over 10 years since Winchester joined many other men who fled to Canada rather than fight in the Vietnam War.

Following President Carter's pardon, he returned to the U.S. His return to the American musical scene has been signaled by the recent release of his first American album, *Nothing But a Breeze* (Bearsville).

Winchester's musical career began in Canada in 1970 when he released his first album, *Jesse Winchester*. Since then he has put out three albums. He was never able to build a following in America, however, largely due to his inability to tour here.

Although Winchester's recent popularity has resulted as much from his political stands as his music, *Nothing But a Breeze* can easily stand on its own artistic merits. The album clearly shows that, despite time spent in Canada, Winchester has not forgotten his Southern origins. The music is

mellow, like a summer evening in the South.

Some of the songs sound as though they were meant to be played on a hick country station, while others sound as if they were geared for an "adult listening" station. "Pourquoi M'Aimes-tu Pas?" despite its title, is a real hoedown country song. The fiddling would satisfy even Uncle Leroy and the Pike County Partners.

Anne Krueger

... on music

Winchester's music is remarkably similar to some other artists. "It Takes A Young Girl" sounds like something from a Linda Ronstadt album. In fact, if Linda were male, she would probably sound like Jesse Winchester.

In one of the lightest songs on the album, Winchester adopts a casual jazz sound similar to Elvin Bishop. "Twigs and Seeds" is a song many GW students should be able to

identify with. In the song, our hero wants some of his "private blend, which is two parts grass to one part hash." But alas—

There's nothing but twigs and seeds

Twigs and seeds

And they sure don't deliver the punch

That this old head needs.

Winchester demonstrates his impressive talent on the album. It includes some of the best country-rock singers around today, Emmylou Harris and Herb Pedersen sing backup on the title song, while Anne Murray sings backup on two others.

The other side of Winchester is shown in such songs as "You Remember Me." Slow and not overwhelming at the start, the song moves to a crescendo which manages to be both quiet and moving. "Gliding The Lily" is another effective slow and throbbing song.

The efforts to promote Jesse Winchester's album have concentrated on his politics, almost entirely neglecting his music. But Winchester deserves to be looked at as an excellent musician in his own right.

Fricky's Dubbed Friendly Pub

It is time someone reviewed a neighborhood saloon widely-known for its friendliness. (Of course, I cannot predict all visits will be met with a smile but if you approach with money in your pocket and a pretty- or handsome-friend at your side, I'm 99 per cent sure).

Fricky's is just a neighborhood pub serving the thirsty and famished. Even all the "Tommys" will be served, usually by a five-ball "Surf Champ."

Paul Bedard

Once nestled between a cobblers shop and a hardware shop, Fricky's is now the right wall brace for a transient house soon to be fully constructed and in service. Just down the street is Sarsfields, the elegant pub Jody Powell and other White Housers frequent, according to the *Washington Post* gossip column.

Across the street is a newly refurbished apartment house and another construction site. Unfortunately the block has been

infiltrated by the "renovation fever."

Luckily, Fricky's has kept with the old neighborhood tradition of serving low-priced, strong drinks and good ole American food at similarly reasonable prices.

When approaching Fricky's, one can't help but notice the large window in front displaying the large gold letters FRICKY'S (like those on the outlaws bar in *The Rifleman*). And through the door is a laminated bar studded with pennies.

Seated atop one of the high stools at the bar, John, a co-owner, greets you with a satisfying hello and a skilled mixing hand. If you are alone, strike up a conversation with him. If he is busy, he'll direct you to a pretty lade or gent to converse with.

You should grab a basket of popcorn from the ancient (vintage 1976) popper. Strohs and Pabst are on tap for about 80 cents, along with imported brews in bottomless coolers.

As for food, the burgers are simply the best in town. Topped with cheese, bacon and

tomato and sitting on a Kaiser roll, they invite consumption. They are cheap too, ranging from \$1.85 to \$2.35.

However on Wednesdays, they have a special that even puts the fabulous Macke to shame. All the spaghetti you can eat (the record being six bowls) and bread costs under \$2.00. It may only be Safeway noodles with Ragu but it sure has me coming back every Wednesday evening from five to seven.

Other specials include the unbeatable Monday feature of a beer and a shot of schnapps for 99 cents. Tuesdays are ladies nights, a time when they may purchase a drink (or have one bought for them, of course) for only 50 cents. And Thursdays and Fridays finish the week with the usual happy hour.

Fricky's is no non-class joint, however. On Monday nights they show the baseball game of the week on a wide screen TV. Upstairs there are two pinball machines, a pool table and cigarette machines.

As for the juke box, expect to hear tunes



from your high school years sprinkled with Sinatra selections.

Everyone is usually having a good time at Fricky's, either talking to the bartender at the far end of the bar, or losing quarters to the pool table and pinball machines.

As for the rest of the neighborhood there is not much action except for the *One Step Down* across the street. The scores of construction and redevelopment sites remind one of Joni Mitchell's "They paved paradise and put up a parking lot." But at Fricky's you can get that good ole American friendliness available at few other places.

'One On One' Is Dribble; Robby Benson Fouls Out

by Susan Baer

After a long run of disaster films, this year has seen a return to the happy ending. Instead of fires, earthquakes, and sunken ships being the major themes, the movie industry has decided to shed some light on the positive side of life. The underdog once again comes out the winner; good once again overcomes evil.

Though a refreshing change, it seems some of these films have gone a little too far, stepping into fairyland territory. *One on One* is an example.

A Lamond Johnson film, the movie is light and entertaining, but oozes with just a bit too much sap. With background songs performed by Seals and Crofts, the movie loses some of its credibility because of the perfect jigsaw puzzle-like fit of all of its pieces.

Through its attempt to paint an accurate picture of college life with all its charm—meals at McDonalds, passing out at frat parties—the movie does, however, provide some amusing and all too familiar moments.

Robby Benson stars as an entering college freshman floundering about amidst all the usual problems one encounters. Receiving a full basketball scholarship, the trouble begins when he does not live up to the expectations of his coach.

He becomes bestowed with violent harassment and threats from his coach, near flunking grades from his professors, but kisses from his tutor who saves the day with her love and encouragement. Intermingled in all

this are brief rendezvous with drugs, midnight jobs, black eyes, and the inevitable love-life blues.

But in the end, it all works out like a dream. He gets the girl, he wins the game, he acs his history exam. Life is beautiful.

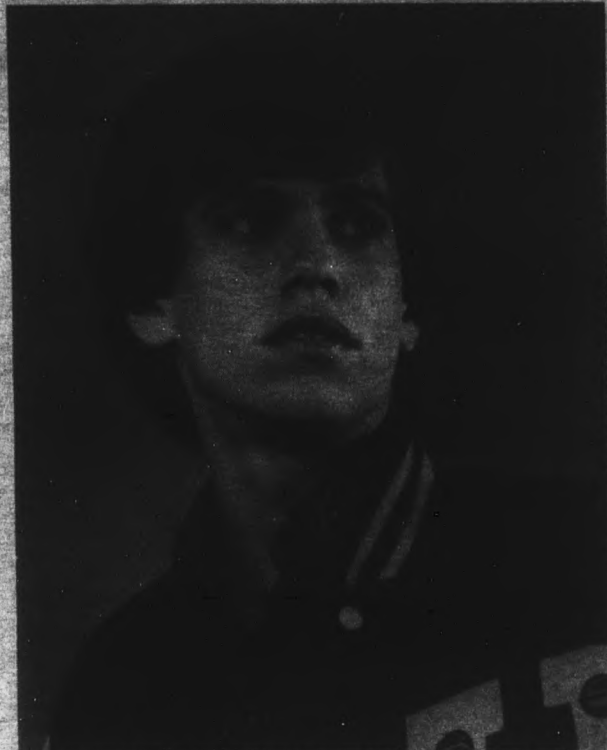
Because this film is written by Robby Benson, it is probable that many of the people and events are based on his experience. The characters in this movie, from the coach's flirtatious secretary to the big, burly jocks that compose the basketball team, are perhaps a bit too stereotypical to be real, but still present personalities with which most can identify.

The movie falls because of its preoccupation with the "happily ever after" syndrome. While this is normally a perfectly acceptable route, the events that unfold in this movie seem too remote to be plausible.

Annette O'Toole plays the mature and more sophisticated tutor with whom naive Benson falls in love. The combination is definitely questionable.

The exciting outcome of the basketball game that highlights this movie also seems too good to be true. With seconds left in the game, Benson finally is thrown in and brings his losing team to victory. Only in the movies.

The movie does, however, end with a punch that is surprisingly satisfying; one that Aesop would delight in. Short and sweet, *One on One* is a fairy tale that seems to be misplaced in a slightly less than magical land.



In "One on One" Robby Benson plays a young basketball star who finds being a scholarship athlete can be a tough existence.

New Books Put Show's Fans Back On Trek

by Ron Ostroff

Some bad news and some good news for *Star Trek* fans. First the bad news. It looks like that long awaited *Star Trek* movie is never going to get off the ground.

And now for the good news. For what might be the first time in television history, a program is going back into production after an eight year hiatus. That program, of course, is "Star Trek."

Nearly 80 episodes of the original program were produced between 1966 and 1969. Eight years of almost constant international syndication and an animated series followed. Beginning in April 1978, Paramount television will provide one new adventure a week to non-network independent television stations.

While you're waiting for that first new episode to come across the tube, the best way to whet your appetite has been provided by the book

publishing industry. Since the program first aired over 40 *Star Trek* books have been published.

Everything you always wanted to know about *Star Trek* is indexed, charted and illustrated in the *Star Trek Concordance* (by Bjo Trimble, 256 pages, Ballantine, \$6.95, paperback). The cover is a wheel index listing every "Star Trek" episode (live-action and animated), the star date when it was supposed to have taken place, and where you can find the bulk of information about it in the book.

Once inside the volume, each episode is given about half a page for a plot summary, list of characters, writin and direction credits, and references to the book's lexicon. And about that lexicon. It is the most comprehensive listing of *Star Trek* facts I've ever seen. It is so detailed that it even lists every space vehicle mentioned on the programs.

Now that you're familiar with the book with all the answers, you might

want the book with 1,001 questions. Yes folks, *Star Trek* has its own quiz book (*Star Trek Quiz Book* by Bart Andrews with Brad Dunning, 150 pages, Signet /New, American Library, \$1.50, paperback).

With some unusually rough trivia questions, the quiz book is strictly for die-hard fans or for those who have memorized the *Concordance*. There are several miscellaneous quizzes in addition to an individual quiz for each live action episode.

The book's fault is that the questions are too specific for anyone

but a *Star Trek* fanatic.

For example, in the episode "Assignment: Earth," what was the name of Gary Seven's cat? See what I mean. In case it just may have slipped your mind, the cat's name was Isis.

A much better *Star Trek* book is Leonard Nimoy's *I Am Not Spock* (135 pages, Celestial Arts, \$4.95, trade paperback; 150 pages, Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75, mass market paperback). This most unusual addition to the *Star Trek* literature tells of the relationship between an

actor—Nimoy—and a part he played—Vulcan First Officer and Science Officer of the starship Enterprise.

It's a revealing view of Nimoy's struggle for personal and professional identity against the highly intelligent and always logical Spock within him. He proves that Spock is not the only part Nimoy can play. (If you'd like further proof of Nimoy's dramatic diversity, catch him on Broadway where he is now playing the lead in "Equus.")

Even if you're really in love with *Star Trek*, you're going to have a hard time liking these next two volumes. The first *Letter to Star Trek* (by Susan Sackett, 215 pages, Ballantine, \$1.95, paperback), was written by *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry's assistant. It's just a rehash of information previously printed in better books, surrounded by fan letters.

If you're interested in *Star Trek* fans, you might enjoy this book. Anyone else will probably quickly recycle it.

Trek or Treat (by Terry Flanagan and Eleanor Ehrhardt, Ballantine, \$2.95, paperback) is worse. This over-priced volume takes 45 photographs from the series and gives them new allegedly humorous captions. Some of the photos, which have been published before, are funny to begin with. The new captions add nothing.

Topping off this list of the latest *Star Trek* books are two more compilations of tales adapted from the animated series. Both are by Alan Dean Foster (*Star Trek Log Eight* and *Star Trek Log Nine*, Ballantine, \$1.50 each, paperback), as are the other seven books in the series.

But there's still more. Not all of the animated programs have been novelized. Fan-written stories are being published in paperback. And as soon as the new episodes hit the air waves, you can be sure that someone will put those adventures between soft covers faster than you can say "Live Long and Prosper." So stay tuned.

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Susan Baer, Paul Bedard, Mark
Dawidziak, Pam Horwitz, Gary

Komarow, Ron Ostroff,
Anne Krueger, Larry Olmstead,

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Look Into Past Creates A Reasonable Doubt

by Ron Ostroff

There's a little old lady in Southern New Jersey who lives with the nightmares of memories and the hope of a dream.

Anna Hauptmann still vividly remembers the Lindbergh baby kidnap-murder case because her husband, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, was convicted and executed for the child's murder. Now in her late 70's, she seems to live only for her dream—to clear the name of her husband, who she says was framed.

Recently, Anthony Scaduto, a former crime reporter for the New York Post, joined her quest for that dream by writing *SCAPEGOAT—The Lonesome Death of Bruno Richard Hauptmann*, published by G.P. Putnam. The cover of Scaduto's book says "HAUPTMANN WAS INNOCENT, HIS CONVICTION FOR THE LINDBERGH BABY KIDNAPPING A FRAME-UP..." But it's just publicity hype.

Scaduto proves no such thing. His real thesis seems to be that from the documents and evidence discovered, the jurors should have found a reasonable doubt as to whether Hauptmann kidnaped and killed Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. That would have been enough to save him from his 1935 conviction and the electric chair.

This examination of the case details many points which would cause a reasonable juror to realize there was a reasonable doubt. Here are a few of them.

• A disbarred lawyer named Paul H. Wendell confessed to the crime. Later, Scaduto writes, Wendell repudiated his confession after state Attorney General David Wilentz (who was prosecuting the case) got to him.

Scaduto quotes a source as saying, "But if you read that repudiation, it's a confession in itself. He said in his repudiation that he'd be willing to plead guilty to kidnaping but not to murder. There was no death penalty for kidnaping at that time and Wendell being a lawyer knew it. He in effect admitted the kidnaping."

The body found near Lindbergh's Hopewell, N.J. home could not have been that of Charles A. Lindbergh Jr. The celebrated father visited the morgue for about 90 seconds and said of the body, "I am perfectly satisfied that is my child." Scaduto writes, "the body was cremated within an hour, without being subjected to pathological or toxicological tests."

But the county physician did perform a superficial autopsy. He noted that the left hand, the right arm, most of the left leg, and all the major organs except the heart and the liver were missing.

The report also said the body was 33½ inches long. Scaduto writes that "Young Lindbergh's height, just before he was kidnaped, was twenty-nine inches. Even making allowance for the normal stretching of muscle and cartilage during decomposition, the body, had it been Lindbergh's son, should not have been more than thirty-one inches long."

The body was also said to have decomposed too rapidly for the time it had been exposed to the elements.

According to another author Scaduto quotes, Lindbergh's family doctor, who had examined the child a few weeks before the kidnaping, was called to the morgue to help identify the corpse. The doctor looked at it and told the local coroner, "If someone were to come in here and offer me ten million dollars I simply wouldn't be able to identify these remains."

The prosecution emphasized the point that ¼ inch chisel had been found under the nursery window where it had probably been dropped by the kidnaper. The prosecution pointed out that Hauptmann, the well equipped carpenter, had all but his ¼ inch chisel.

Scaduto found a New York City police department inventory list of the tools found in Hauptmann's toolbox. One entry says "I cold chisel ¼"—National Tool make." Later, when Scaduto gained brief access to a basement room at New Jersey State Police

PERSPECTIVE

Headquarters in Trenton where much of the evidence in the case still remains, he found two more ¼ inch chisels that were labeled as having been found in Hauptmann's garage.

Lindbergh's in-court identification of Hauptmann as the man who had picked up the ransom money two years earlier and yelled "Hey Doctor!" in an accented voice was doubtful.

Scaduto quoted another Lindbergh case author. "Lindbergh himself asked before a Bronx jury whether he would be able to identify Hauptmann as the man he had heard calling 'Hey, Doctor!' the night the ransom money was paid, replied, 'It would be very difficult for me to sit here and say that I could

Appeals explained away everything Hauptmann said were errors made in the lower court.

On the subject of prejudicial newspaper and radio reports "conveyed to the general jury panel" before and during the trial, the Court wrote in part, "If the result of an important murder trial is to be nullified by newspaper stories and radio broadcasts, few convictions would stand."

"In *State v. Overton*, ... we said, on the denial of a motion to adjourn the trial because of a newspaper report: Of course, a court cannot be put in error by the mere publishing of newspaper reports. While it may be that in cases of public excitement the possible effect

wanted to prove the state did not have unaltered proof that the body was correctly identified.

Wilentz was questioning a witness about the possibility of the corpse being that of a child missing from a local Catholic orphanage. He asked Reilly if there was any dispute about the evidence. "There is no dispute," said the chief counsel. "I will say now that there has never been any claim but this was Colonel Lindbergh's child that was found there."

With that remark, Reilly threw away the slim chance that the defense had of saving Hauptmann's life.

On cross examination, Wilentz tried to dissect Hauptmann and his testimony. Wilentz was clearly badgering the witness.

In answer to one of Wilentz's questions Hauptmann said, "I feel innocent and I am innocent and that keeps me the power to stand up." Then this exchange followed.

Wilentz: "Lying, when you swear to God that you will tell the truth. Telling lies doesn't mean anything to you."

Hauptmann: "Stop that!"

W: Didn't you lie in the Bronx Courthouse?"

H: "Stop that!"

W: "Didn't you lie under oath, time and time again? Didn't you?"

H: "No, I did not."

W: "Lies! Lies! Lies!"

One wonders what the Defense was doing. Where was Reilly? Why didn't he object to this torture, this public degradation of his client?

Later on appeal, it seemed the most important factor was that few if any of the points raised on appeal had been objected to at trial. Either the defense lawyers were so sure they would win on the trial level that they felt objections would be a waste of time, or they were daydreaming or unconcerned with the entire proceeding.

Scaduto notes that many of the witnesses were exposed to prejudicial influences, and that the members of the jury were not much better off.

Scaduto writes of what seemed to be the standard procedure for handling witnesses. "He had not been outside (the court room), in the corridor or in an anteroom, not kept segregated from the proceedings so that his recollections, his mind, would be uninfluenced by the testimony of witnesses who preceded him. He had sat day after day at the long table of the prosecution..."

With witnesses able to hear previous testimony, there seemed to be almost no chance for anyone's memory to produce a differing recollection.

The jurors really were not sequestered. They ate their meals in a hotel dining room separated from the press by only a flimsy cloth screen. As they ate, they could surely hear the reporters talking and commenting on the trial of "Hauptmann the baby-killer."

On appeal, the failure to sequester the jury was brought to the attention of the court. In the decision, the court generally admits almost everything Scaduto complains about. Then the court adds: "Assuming the truth of all of them, the answer is again that there is nothing to show any complaint to the court at any time; and, apart from that, the law does not require that jurors be so isolated that they are out of all sight and hearing. The necessary inference from the petition is that such isolation should have been effected..."

How could the jury not be influenced by what they saw and heard? They were only human beings caught up in a crusade of hate against Bruno Richard Hauptmann—guilty or not. This also seems to constitute reversible error.

SCAPEGOAT is a well researched report of an American embarrassment. Many would like to forget that Hauptmann, the man the State of New Jersey executed, may not have kidnaped and murdered the Lindbergh baby.

In addition, there are all those records just sitting in that file room in Trenton. The state of New Jersey should reopen their investigation into the kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh baby and give Anna Hauptmann at least an even shot at her dream.

WANTED

INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF



CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.
OF HOPEWELL, N. J.

SON OF COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH
World-Famous Aviator

This child was kidnaped from his home in Hopewell, N. J., between 8 and 10 p. m. on Tuesday, March 1, 1932.

DESCRIPTION:

Age, 20 months Hair, blond; curly
Weight, 27 to 30 lbs. Eyes, dark blue
Height, 29 inches Complexion, light
Deep dimple in center of chin
Dressed in one-piece coverall night suit

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
COL. H. N. SCHWARZKOPF, TRENTON, N. J., or
COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, HOPEWELL, N. J.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE TREATED IN CONFIDENCE
COL. H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF
Supt. New Jersey State Police, Trenton, N. J.
March 11, 1932

The kidnaping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., quickly became an item of national interest. Posters, like the one at left from author Scaduto's collection, were quickly stolen by souvenir hunters. Above—Bruno Hauptmann. Was he guilty beyond a reasonable doubt? A look back at the trial does not convince some researchers.

pick a man by that voice."

• Many witnesses used by the prosecution to place Hauptmann near the Lindbergh estate at the time of the kidnaping either lied or were so mixed up that their stories didn't make sense.

Scaduto found that 87-year-old witness Amandus Hochmuth, who said he had seen Hauptmann in Hopewell and pointed him out during trial, was almost blind. Reports in the files of New York City's Division of Old Age Security of the Department of Public Welfare describe Hochmuth's condition around the time of the trial this way: "Health is very poor, applicant partly blind, suffering from a complication of diseases...Frail, failing eyesight due to cataracts."

• Employment records indicating Hauptmann was working on a construction job in New York the day of the kidnaping were visibly altered.

These factors should have produced a reasonable doubt in the mind of the jurors. In addition, there are legal aspects of the trial which make Hauptmann's conviction look even worse.

Because Col. Charles A. Lindbergh was the celebrated "Luck Lindy," the case was a media circus. The press made this the case and trial of the century. The stories were blatant advocacy journalism set in the guise of objective news reporting.

Months before the trial, the press had tried and convicted Hauptmann. The only question left was: How guilty was he? Justice had become incidental to the entertainment of the masses.

Yet when Hauptmann's attorneys demanded a change of venue, trial judge Thomas W. Trenchard denied the request.

When Hauptmann appealed his conviction in 1935, the New Jersey Court of Errors and

of newspaper articles upon the jury may justify the court in its discretion in adjourning a trial and summoning another jury, it has never in this state been a ground of challenge to a juror that he had read newspaper reports relating to the case, so long as he declares his ability to consider the case on the evidence."

The Court also noted that this and most of the other defense objections were made after conviction and sentencing—not at the trial.

Contrary to the words of New Jersey Justice Parker, the prejudicial advocacy reporting was not "the mere publishing of newspaper reports." With nearly all the unsubstantiated reports being printed daily pointing toward Hauptmann as the kidnaper and murderer, it is obvious Hopewell residents just might have been unfairly influenced.

The denial of the request for change of venue alone should have been enough for a reversal, but there is so much more.

Throughout *SCAPEGOAT*, Scaduto implies Hauptmann could have asked for reversal on the basis of his having ineffective assistance of counsel. Scaduto's implications ring true.

Edward J. Reilly had probably once been a great lawyer, his ability was deteriorating. Scaduto writes that "The Hearst newspaper organization had actually paid Reilly's fee in advance. Assured of his wages, Reilly had little interest in the case except for the publicity it brought him."

Lloyd Fisher, second-in-command of the defense staff, felt Scaduto writes that "the strongest possible defense was to attack the identification of the child's body found in the woods months after the kidnaping. If the jury could be made to doubt the body was that of young Lindbergh, then they could not bring in a murder conviction." Fisher questioned the witnesses who testified about the corpse. He

Soccer:

Squad Should Repeat Good Season

Suarez. Ildary. Al-Bussairi. Miri. Vaugeois.

The names read like a United Nations roll call. But on this campus in the heart of America's capital city, the soccer team these men play for has been embraced wholeheartedly as part of the GW scene.

The reasons for the team's popularity are many, but one thing helps for sure—they have been winners the past few seasons. Last year, the team bounced back from a disappointing 1975 .500 log to post a 7-3-1 record and narrowly miss being invited to regional playoffs.

Although the schedule promises to be tougher this year, coach Georges Edeline feels his team will have a good season, and with good reason. The team is losing just two men off last year's squad to graduation, although they are both good players. One, fullback Thierry Boussard, will be almost impossible to replace.

Boussard, captain of the team last year and for three seasons its most valuable player, anchored the tough Colonial defense that rarely cracked during his stay.

Also graduating is Eddie Ban-nourah, who will stay around to assist Edeline in the fall while taking master's degree courses.

With only two men to replace, Edeline has not added a lot of new names to the squad, but he feels the recruits he picked up will be able to take up slack caused by the departing players.

Edeline picked up forward Moshen Miri from Montgomery College. Originally from Iraq, Miri will be a sophomore at GW.

Michel Vaugeois, who gained lots of good experience playing soccer in Europe, will see action in the backfield. The freshman, originally from Paris, just finished competing in the Silver Jubilee tournament in England, with soccer teams from countries throughout the world invited. Edeline hopes he will be able to play Boussard's role in the Colonial defense.

Freshman Joe Suarez, another freshman, will back up GW's ace goalkeeper Jeff Brown, and the fourth major Buff recruit is Mohammed Ildary, who sat out last year after transferring from South Florida University. He originally attended Jefferson High School in Virginia.

The Buff will lose two players to graduation at the end of this year, both stars—back Pat Fasusi, who along with Boussard and Brown provided almost impenetrable defense, and popular halfback Griffiths Dambe.

Other Colonials who are scheduled to see action are the strong front line of Paul Calvo, Julio Mazzarella and Eugene Uddoh. The Al-Awadi brothers, forward Salah and midfielder Farid, along with Fuad Al-Bussairi, all of Kuwait, will also be counted on heavily.

Edeline is also looking to one of the few American players, back Jerry Robert, to also help in the backfield.

One of the most sparkling surprises of last year was an American player, goalkeeper Brown, who turned in some

incredible performances. All seven of the Buff wins were shutouts, and Brown never allowed over two goals in any single game. Overall, the Buff outscored their opponents, 19-5.

Soccer's popularity at GW can also be partly explained by the enthusiasm generated by the athletes and the intensity with which they play the game. GW soccer games are dramatic, tough contests, sometimes too much—the physical action in several games got out of hand, mostly resulting from poor officiating and heated tempers on both sides. Edeline claimed the officiating hurt the Buff in at least three of their four non-wins.

GW Teams and the Recruiting Drive

Cagers Get Forward All-Metro Pitcher Signed

GW basketball coach Bob Tallent concluded this year's recruiting by signing 6'8" forward Glenn Dixon of Buffalo, N.Y. to National Letter-of-Intent to attend GW in the fall.

Dixon comes to GW from Seward Community College in Liberal, Kan. He played only one season of junior college ball, averaging 13.5 points and 9.2 rebounds last year, at Seward. That will leave him with three years of eligibility at GW.

Glenn went to high school at Bishop Timon in Buffalo and averaged 10 points per game his senior year on a 17-4 team. As a high school senior he stood just 6'5" but grew three inches over the past year. Tallent said the signing of Dixon gives the Buff inside depth they need. "He can play both the center and strong forward positions equally well," he said.

Dixon will major in education at GW.

Dixon will be one of four new players on next season's GW basketball squad. Bob Lindsay, a 6'4" guard-forward from Louisville, Ky., will be eligible after sitting out last year following his transfer from the University of Florida. Daryle Charles, a 6'0" guard, will become eligible at the beginning of the second semester after transferring last January from LaSalle.

Curtis Jeffries, a 6'1" guard from state champion Ballard High of Louisville, Ky., will enter as a freshman in September. A fifth new member of the basketball program, Brian Magid, will sit out next year after transferring from the University of Maryland.

Larry Olmstead

Just What Were They Thinking Of?

It's the expected thing for a college sportswriter to grouse when the star of the basketball team at his school does not get drafted by the pros.

Well, I'm not a basketball scout, and although I consider myself knowledgeable enough about the game, I'm not going to match my player-evaluation talents against professionals who've been doing it since Naismith invented roundball.

Commentary

Still, you have to wonder what they were thinking about during June's NBA draft. Okay, statistics can be misleading. Just because John Holloran shot almost 53 per cent from the floor and averaged 21.4 points per game—well, lots of guys have good stats.

And his 82 per cent free-throw mark, and 128 assists—well, maybe he's too small, or his competition wasn't good enough to consider drafting him.

But let's look at who they drafted. Two persons who went high in the draft were Maryland's Brad Davis (a hardship case, no less) and Duquesne's Norm Nixon.

Both are good players, true. But whoever recommended that Davis be a first-round draft pick and couldn't even see Holloran in the pros was obviously not in the Cole Field House Jan. 29. That was the night Holloran took Davis's unglamorous pass from every spot on the court, scoring 38 points and leading GW to an upset over Maryland.

As for Nixon, his career has not been much more impressive stat-wise than Holloran's (which is, admittedly, quite impressive).

So why were these guys drafted ahead of Holloran? Why did teams waste draft picks on the likes of Bruce Jenner and a woman cager from Delta State?

You got me.



Goalkeeper Jeff Brown, shown at left, had a remarkable year as a freshman last season, shutting out seven opponents and allowing just five goals in 11 games. He is counted upon to do another steady job this year, against more difficult opponents. At right, forward Julio Mazzarella, shown kicking the ball, was an offensive mainstay for the Colonials. He, Paul Calvo and Eugene Uddoh will provide the scoring punch up on the front line. Coach Georges Edeline is predicting another good year from the Buff, who finished 7-3-1 last season.

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Intro. from Mom & Dad . . .

For those of you who are totally unaware of the Secondary School Honors Program (SSHHP), a note of explanation... During the second summer session twenty-nine exceptionally bright high school students came to G.W. from all over the country (Hawaii, Indiana, California, Pennsylvania, Florida, and West Virginia, to name a few). Each one took two college courses along with college students. Of these, twenty-two lived in Thurston Hall and got a realistic taste of college life while the remaining seven commuted from the local area and got a taste of rush hour traffic.

As resident Advisors for this program we lived in Thurston with these students. A crazy five weeks were shared by all!! In addition to tours of the traditional

cities in Washington, we also saw Marcel Marceau, "All Night Strut," "Of Mice and Men," James Taylor and Williamsburg. In addition to these cultural activities we had lots of "community living" experiences. New games were invented to play in the halls, wrestling tournaments abounded, practical jokes were played (especially on a certain R.A. we know), nicknames of an appropriate nature were used to prevent anyone from remaining innocent, everyone tried at least once to break the curfew rules (probably more than we know about got away with it, too!), and everyone has had a summer they will remember for a long time.

Enough explanation from us! Let SSHHP summer of 77 show you *their* stuff....

Mark & Robina



A few words,
carefully chosen,
from a
resident rowdie. . .

Dear SSHP Participants:

Our five weeks of work and fun are over. We must now return home to continue our individual lives as the academic leaders of our respective schools and communities.

We will certainly return home with a valuable experience we'll always remember. The Secondary School Honors Program has been a terrific preparation for college, a great way to make first hand observations and opinions of G.W.U. and the wonderful opportunity to meet and get to know other high school students throughout the country.

We've gained a better knowledge of what college classes and college work are really like and will know better what to expect when we do go off to school. We can take these classroom experiences and use them as guidelines to help us finish our high school careers and begin our lives in college.

George Washington University has also given us the opportunity to look over the campus and the curriculum of G.W. and decide if Washington, D.C. is the place for us to further our education. Washington is a very exciting city and could greatly enhance and intensify a learning experience at G.W.U.

When we aren't in class at the library, or locked in our rooms studying, of course we're getting to know each other a little better and having lots and lots of fun. The friends we've made in each other will last forever and are a part of the program we'll never forget. And who can forget all those fun times: the late night talks, the dark elevators with the



toilet, the "willies" and "freakies", homicide frisbee, the massage parlor, the first reception and bus ride, the sleep-a-thons at the Kennedy Center, Macke food, the SARP's, People to People, Amtrak, "Baldy's" beeper, whipped cream and grapes, the bulletin board's list of names and calendar, orcs and ents, dancing, boxer shorts, "Steven R." and "Georgie", Laurie, Fort Hunt, "The Stutterer", the phone and towels in Room 831, "The Elites Rule", James Taylor and Boz Scaggs, the floor party....

The Secondary School Honors Program has certainly provided us with an experience we'll treasure the rest of our lives. To Craig, Mark, Leo, Warren, Tim, Mike, Clyde, Tim, Mike, Allison, Lynn, Nancy, Anne, Julie, Gloria, Suzanne, Nicky, Michael, Lisa, Faith, Joanne, Abby, Jim, Mark and Robina: Thank you for the wonderful memories that will always remain with me wherever I go and whatever I do. I'll miss all of you a lot, so let's keep in touch.

Your fellow SSHPer,
Frank Schumacher

A few less words,
more carefully chosen,
from a
crazy commuter.



I finished school the 10th of June this year and registered at GW the 13th, so it's seemed alot like a continuation of my junior year. Not really though... my SSHP experience has been such a concentrated thing...one semester of chem in five weeks...new faces all around. What makes my time at GW so different from the residents' time is that split in my day. Most of the SSHPers live for a month with a whole new set of people in this compressed way; while I go home every day to a 'normal' summer kind of life.

—Alison DeLong

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Awards

Friendliest	Gloria	Frank
Funniest	Joanne	Frank
Best Looking	Nicky	Craig
Wittiest	Anne	Clyde
Most Loved	Gloria	Frank
Laziest	Suzanne	Tim Pyle
Best Prankster	Anne	Clyde
Most Studious	Michael	Leo
Best Dancer	Julie	Leo
Most Athletic	Nicky	Tim Noble
Rowdiest	Joanne	Tim Pyle

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LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS



Nancy Walker

Nancy Walker Wills:

To LYNN I leave a large bowl of nice juicy grapes smothered in whipped cream, a standing Thursday night appointment with Bill, and Harry to watch the sunrise with from "the slab."

To GLORIA I leave Carl's address so she can send him long, loving letters, 50 hangers, and Andy and his jokes to keep her laughing.

To the ugly old bitch Anne I will a closet so she can always have privacy while she is talking on the phone and a sticker saying "Happy Easter."

To LEO I leave all my low grades so he knows what it is like to get something besides A's and a

place in history as Pittsburg's greatest Flip dancer.

To FRANK I leave Willie, a musk ox, and my hopes that he makes it to age 20 before he goes completely fies.

To CLYDE I leave a person, of his very own, to drive insane.

To CRAIG I leave exactly what a snob deserves—nothing.

To MARK V. I leave a violin so that he can truthfully say he knows how to play one.

To MIKE FOTI I leave nothing since all Ohioans are born perfect.

To TIM PYLE I leave a pair of boots to add the finishing touch to his Clint Eastwood image.

To Tim Hoble I leave the world of unsuspecting people for him to incessantly take pictures of.

To everyone (except Warren) I leave my thanks for making the summer so enjoyable.



Leo Lopez

I LEO LOPEZ, hereby bequeath all the following items to these deserving associates of mine.

To LYNN—a guiding hand from God because she needs it. A new box of Granola Fruit and Nuts, and a life-size poster of Peter to turn her on everynight before she goes to bed.

To MIKE—a Bible.

To GLORIA—"SHIT", "DAMN", "F-CK," and all those expletives which she never needed to say. And a toilet down which she can flush all her Greek and Latin roots along with Karl Amtrak.

To MARK—a violin and a box of zippers and buttons so he can be perverted only when he's by himself.

To CLYDE—MICHAEL.

To MICHAEL—CLYDE.

To NANCY—a memorial bathtub honoring her, a \$5,000 club membership to Deaf and Dumb Maids Anonymous, OO, HINDI, IKAW, and AKO.

To ABBY—all the gentleness and innocence in the world to cover up some of the rowdiness.

To the workers of massage room 828 (ANNE, LYNN, NANCY) plus GLORIA and ALLISON—LAURIE'S 39D bra, her perfume, her nauseating pink luggage, all the steam from our bathroom, a brand new stain for each of their bedspreads, and the phone bill for all of LAURIE'S calls.

To FRANK—a statue stand for himself in front of the Treasury Department building since he seems to be as attracted to bird droppings as people are to him.

To WARREN—the perfect female SARP-mate for the perfect SAP SARP, and/or LAURIE since he seems to be more turned on by her and I am, and all the wonderful memories of our roommateship.

To all of you, all the love in the world.

To me—Abby, Joanne, Nicky, Michael, Faith, Lisa, Julie, Suzanne, Gloria, Nancy, Anne, Lynn, Robina. And any other pretty girl that wants to join this aristocratic group to help relieve me of my inhibitions.

I WARREN DRANIT, of questionable mind and growing body do hereby bequeath the following:

ABBY—A smile without a tongue, somebody...after JOANNE and JULIE disappear. Hell! I don't know...whatever your innocent heart desires.

ANNE—some pranks (to be played on someone else).

CRAIG—An all night rap session, an empty mailbox, a sport that I beat you at, a book of imitations, a facetious remark.

FAITH—MARK VOSYICK when you're wearing a dress made of buttons and zippers.

FRANK—a different laugh, a box full of snakes, and a bird that has already relieved itself.

GLORIA—several jogs to the Washington Monument and another James Taylor concert.

JOANNE—Jim Amtrak (you can keep him), another blanket tennis without breaking your wrist (right Alex!), a beach, Harry if you want (I get his spitfire).

JULIE—a artist who works for H.E.W., 20 glasses of punch.

TIM PYLE—a building to be destroyed, 2 lawn chairs, a cigar that doesn't smell, a gift certificate to the Red Lion, a frisbee with spikes to be used in a official game of Homicide Frisbee.

JIM—the same as TIM (above), a water bottle with window overlooking a high bogy denisty sidewalk.

LEO—a S.A.R.P. for a roommate, more fun with LAURIE, FARRAH (any way you want), the good times we had as roommate which include...

LYNN—a clean book about produce.

MIKE—Superfoti, Spiralfoti, a box of tea bags a clean cup, Macke.



Warren Dranit

NANCY—howdy all by itself.

NICKY—a mailbox full of male, my Amtrak poster, First place at all track meets, a football game between 1st and 2nd base.

MARK MITCHELL (Dad)—a wrestling match (that I win), a boxing match (that I win), a jog (anywhere).

ROBINA WHORF (mom)—a brown belt, a tackling match, payment for dancing lesson, a Mother's Day card.

Myself—TIM NOBLE'S athletic ability, TIM PYLE'S muscles, JOANNE, NICKY, and every other pretty girl.

To S.S.H.P. I leave...

I NICHOLETTE LINGON, being of sound mind and body do bequeath the following:

To CRAIG SHIKUMA—I leave my collection of Bob Dylan albums to listen to plus a special rendition of James Taylor's "How Sweet It Is."

To WARREN DRANIT—I leave a regulation softball rule book. You will probably find that tackling the runner between bases is illegal; also a lifetime supply of stamps (ten ought to do it).

To JOANNE—I leave a lifetime railpass so you can "See the country-travel Amtrak." From one trackie to another, good luck! The trackie always gets her man...

To ABBY MOSKAT—I leave one case of NO-DOZ to cure "Stuart Sleeping Sickness." Also the stars, the moon and especially the night in remembrance of our friend Leonardo.

To JULIE MCAREE—I leave a sturdy pair of walking shoes, a Berlitz guide to easy German for State Dept. tours, and memories of late night discussions that made me late for an 8:00 class because I overslept.

To JULIE, JOANNE, and ABBY—I leave lunches of beer and ice cream, the hope that a count could ever top twenty and a blanket courtesy of Thurston Hall; all overshadowed by memories of a great summer.

To FRANKO—I leave a personal collection of all Hugh O'Brien films and a copy of the SSHP quick and easy dictionary for looking up nick-names.

To MARK and ROBINA—I leave many many thanks for all their help and support. Mark receives in addition, an official track and field coaches handbook.

Julie McAree Wills:

To SUZANNE—I will my "little black book" for important numbers and a set of pencils so she will continue to have her long nails in spite of the dial.
To JIM—I will a big, strong Marine with whom he can discuss his differences.
To NANCY—I leave a pass to see Rock Hudson even though she's worked for him for years.
To LYNN—I leave towels & cream to continue her flourishing business and a ticket to tour the Mint and Treasury Department so she can see all the money we wish we had.
To ANNE—I will a bag of groceries that I feel I owe her after mooching so much.
To LEO—I will a Gene Kelly movie so he can brush up on his dancing steps.
To GLORIA—I will my extra goldfish bowls & my two towels so there will never again be any questions of whose they are.
To TIM NOBLE—I will another rerun of Beach Blanket Bingo and a date with Annette Funicello.
To MICHAEL FOTI—I will a book on psychology and a long, white couch so he can begin his career right now.
To WARREN—I leave a bottle of baby oil so he can always slip out of their hands when someone tries to kidnap him.
To CRAIG—I leave my copy of "Gidget" so when he learns how to surf he can be "cool" like Moondoggie and be a real beach bum.
To FRANK—I will my antique Dr. Sholis so he can always hear me coming; my laughter so he knows I'm laughing even though he can never hear me; and a portable toilet so he'll feel at home wherever he goes.
To JOANNE—I leave a "little giant" for only a quarter to replace the one I popped; my french accent so she will be happy and prepared for her future life and my silent approval on all those who "want to be more than just friends."
To NICK—I will my picture of James so she can stare at him from all angles; my leftover change for soft ice cream; my luck with important strangers, and memories of a fantastic summer.
To ABBY—I will my feet so she can always follow strange handsome men; my record of Boz; a picture of my true number "10" when he's finally found (because there's a limit to generosity), and my secrets so we can continue to have special talks about funny things.
And...To ABBY, NICK and JOANNE—I leave a lifetime pass to the new Metro so they can get around town without the after effects of sore feet; my address so they'll write me, and a thank for all the good times. I loved it!



Gloria Reckrey

I ABBY MOSKAT being of sound mind and body (I know it's questionable) bequeath the following possessions To ANNE—her roommate who never did show up. LYNN—one hour on Thursday afternoons just for creepy. LEO—a pair of Fred Astaire old dancing shoes for the next time he performs at the Kennedy Center. JIM FAUGHNAN—400 marines to take care of him at Walter Reed Hospital, after they put him in there. TIM PYLE—an extra wall to put the rest of his "possessions" on. MIKE F.—A book of Freud's psycho-analytic theories. WARREN—all the Saturday morning services we never did get to and Harry's orange Spitfire to get him to Dayton. CRAIG—one coke, 10 free surfing lessons, a pair of Santa's Bermuda shorts, and finally my blanket. TIM NOBLE—dimes to pay for all the times I got my wash dried free, and enough colored socks to match all his Y-camp T-shirts. FRANK—a night on the town with "Baldy and

Teddy" Sorenson, a wastebasket to keep "Hugh's" used matches in, and a cure for the "willies," "shivers" and "freakies". MARK and ROBINA—enough homes to send this clan of "mis-fits" to on July 25th and a Dr. Spocks book on Instant Child Rearing. NICKY—enough "no-doz" to get her through 5 weeks of an eight o'clock class and a red Thurston bedspread for the next time she goes to the "beach". JULIE—a Tux and a pair of glasses, a Gucci Clutch, all of Brooks Brothers, a certain older man! JOANNE—everything of mine she hasn't already eaten, my "big" blue pen, and a book of 101 topics to pick fights about for the "perfect" roommates. And finally for JULIE, JOANNE, and NICKY—a copy of "the 4 Musketeers" (revised edition), 3 pairs of hiking boots, longer thumbs, nourishing lunches, dreams which turn into REALITIES, and memories of a FANTASTIC summer.



Mike Eisenberg

I, Anne Nagle, being of overworked mind and neglected body do hereby bequeath unto the following persons these treasured possessions.

LYNN—a Thursday afternoon appointment with Creepy, a copy of *How to Pay for Groceries and Remain Pure at the Same Time*, screams of frustrations from the 8th floor windows and lots of fun memories.
LEO—what's left of my lab book, an immoral afternoon with LAURIE, and 3 unbalanceable redox equations.
ALISON—a set of monogrammed bedsheets, NO-DOZ pills for Chemistry, Lady Chatterly's Lover, (and I don't mean the book) and a first edition copy of *Schmidt's Classics*.
WARREN—a sore thigh from Boz Scaggs and apologies for all the times I woke you up at ungodly hours.
GLORIA—all the window-screens her little heart could desire to throw from the 8th floor windows.

TIM P—enough cigars to asphyxiate the entire 8th floor.

TIM N—a gold plated foot to stick in his mouth whenever he gets the urge to open it.

MARK V—5 rolls of toilet paper, a carry-along first-aid kit and apologies for all the times I threw him out of my room.

MICHAEL—A better Chemistry tutor.

MIKE F—a patch for his jeans.

JIM F—a lead frisbee with poison-tipped spikes to make the game more interesting.

CRAIG—a more sedate person to sit next to you at your next Boz Scaggs concert.

FRANK—an indestructible pair of pants, and my sock drawer.

JOANNE—memories of suffering through the same 2 classes together and of Mr. Conceit.

NANCY—an unwiltable flower, any dictionary, a more appetizing breakfast than LYNN suggested, and an unserious day on the town with Mohammed.

MACKE—the remainder of my kaopectate to put on their serving line.

I, MICHAEL DELGADILLO, being of somewhat sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following items to the following people:

For LEO I leave a ton of doodling paper and a lot of time to use it (during boring classes.)

For ANNE I leave lots of thanks for all the help with chemistry. I really appreciate it.

For MARK V. I leave much good will and luck for when he becomes the U.S. ambassador to the USSR.

For MIKE F. I leave a \$10 Italian dinner with all the works.

Pour NANCY je laisse tous les tableaux francais dans Le Musee National D'art, espesalement les tableaux par Manet (ou Monet) et le tableaux du toreador mort.

Lisa Rogers Wills:

To SUZANNE—I will a photographic memory for anthropology tests and all the good-looking guys to be found at the mall during the hour of her choice.

To FAITH—I will a magic ring so that she can disappear whenever someone is in her room who she doesn't want there and the ability to be in two places at once.

To MIKE F.—I will my past accounting experience and a years subscription to *Psychology Today*.

To ROBINA and MARK—I will an instructive pamphlet on successful parenthood and a years supply of paddle yarnish.

To MARK V.—I will a case of band-aids and FAITH'S zippers.

To TIM—I will a room of his own and a wall size poster of Prof. Schmidt.

To CLYDE—I will a case of cellophane and a dinner pass to a Macke banquet.

oooooooooooooooooooo

Mike Foti Wills:

To LEO I will my collection of pornographic magazines.

To JIM F. I will my collection of model airplanes, Lynn Robbins, and my everlasting friendship with David.

To MIKE E. I leave my blowdrier, scissors, and a comb to correct the improper angle of his head.

To CRAIG I leave Warren's hairstyle, a Sports Illustrated Magazine and my grade on the first economics test.

To MARK VOSVICK I will my band-aids and my Russian translation of the Communist Manifesto.

To WARREN I leave NIKKI so that he will not have any more boring nights.

To TIM N. I will a new pair of boxer shorts, some good music so that he can "kick back," a Macke spaghetti dinner, of course some righteousness.

To FRANK I will Clyde's knowledge of trivia, seven nights with Willies and some sanity (Righteous Frank)

To LISA R. I will our beautiful accounting teacher Friscilla Welling and a 6 pack of Heineken.

To LAURA I will my copy of Barron College Guide and my driver's license.

To JOANNE I will Alex and all the beauties of nature.

To NIKKI I will Amtrak and the 3rd and 7th floors.

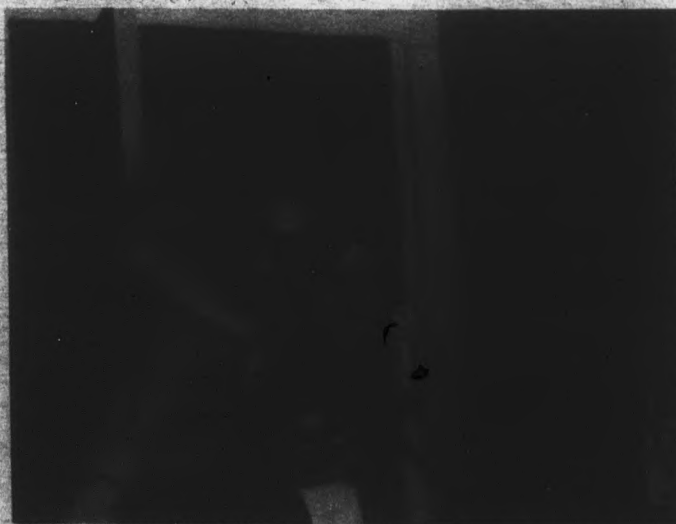
To LYNN I will the Women's Liberation Movement.

To MARK and ROBINA I will homicide frisbee, all the late nights spent in the Rat and all the rowdiness that made this experience worthwhile.

To GLORIA I will all of my leisure time so that she will stop studying so much.

To TIM PYLE I will a full time maid.

To CLYDE I give the walls of Thurston so he can continue playing homicide frisbee and walking horizontally on the walls.



Mike Foti & Suzanne Dolan



I, Mark Mitchell.

Mark & Robina

Will WARREN 10lbs of muscle for his arms (in exchange for 10lbs. of his energy and spirit). Feel that it is only proper and fitting that CRAIG be left one year's worth of surfboard lessons.

Leave both NANCY and GLORIA a two week vacation in Rome and Greece.

Leave TIM PYLE a week on a desert isle with his choice of: Kellee, Robina, Faith, Lynn, Beth...

With great concern for setting things straight, will NICKY a new name: NICOLE!

Leave JOANNE one can of Willie repellent! Leave MIKE FOTI a Corporate Federal Income Tax Return to work on. (that will keep you off the streets).

Leave CLYDE a week in Darkest Africa complete with 200lbs. of bananas!

Bequeath LEO one night with LORI (and of course, without WARREN'S presence).

Leave ROBINA in charge of SSHP for life! (I've had enough).

Leave FRANK one week of sober, solemn study. Leave ALLISON a week with Dan Fogelberg.

I, ROBINA WHORF, being once of sound mind (I gave up on my body) but no longer being certain of anything, do will:

To WARREN—my only copy of "Two Dance Steps Made Easy" and my car.

To CLYDE—a life time supply of Saran Wrap and masking tape, a smile and a hug!

To MARK—a life time supply of band-aids.

To JIM—a date with Amy Carter so he can watch her "do her thing."

To LYNN—a "thank you for not smoking" sign.

To CRAIG—a Santa Claus in Bermuda shorts.

To JOANNE—a lifetime supply of roses from Jim Amtrak.

To LEO—a pair of dancing shoes and a better partner than myself.

To JULIE & ABBY—fifty dozen raw brownies.

To NICKY—a date with James Taylor.

To FRANK—my rear tires and a clothes pin (Poop)

To SUZANNE—a copy of "Give People Over Twenty One a Chance" and her own diary because it doesn't matter where she was, only that she had a good time.

To TIM PYLE—two women...one to fine it and one to use the tweezers, Jethro Tull, and a pair (matched) of knockers.

To TIM NOBLE: a dip at the end of every dance, and a copy of "How to be Polite to Police Officers when riding in Robin's car"

To MIKE FOTI: a stereo to play his albums on anytime he wishes.

To Little RMT: My laugh, may he always hear it, even when the jokes are bad. Also my thanks for your efficiency, your understanding, your smiles and finally just plain thank you!!

To MARK MITCHELL: my eternal thank yous for being my pillar of strength and sanity and thank you for being a loving friend.

To EVERYBODY: Thanx for making this the best summer of my life!

To MYSELF: Another session full of as many crazies as this one. I LOVED it!!

I, KELLEEE,
Will JULIE and ABBY one week each with their favorite RA!

Tim Noble Wills:

FRANK SHUMACHER—"Love" from Hugh LYNN ROBBINS—A "T" shirt with "A woman's place is in the home."

JOANNE SHWARZ—A night on the town with Steve.

CLYDE SMITHSON III—A coloring book.

MARK VOSICK—Some lipstick.

LEO LOPEZ—Some dancing lessons.

ABBY MOSKAT—My old clothes to change into.

NANCY WALKER—a book with 1,000,000 verbs.

MIKE FOTI—all my boxers.

GLORIA RECKREY—Dancing lessons with LEO.

WARREN DRANIT—An ankle brace.

MIKE EISENBERG—A computer that only adds and subtracts.



It Is Hard... Saying Goodbye

Dear Mom & Dad:

I'm taking it on my own to relate to you the feelings of all of us. We may sound funny, talk funny, look funny, possibly act funny; but goddamn it we sure aren't thinking funny anymore. We really don't mind the curfew, the bed check and the shitty car that Mom takes us to concerts in. Yet when it comes right down to it, it is easier to trip a steam roller than say goodbye. Take a look around; it is the last time you will ever see us like this again. No more jello or water fights or just walking down the hall to talk to a friend. It's more haunting than anything else.

All of us in some way were special and we only hope that we were as special to you as you were to us. We've all signed out now; but you will know where to find us.

Tim Pyle

Wednesday Afternoon

To My Lovely Children:

To say each of you is special is an understatement!! My only wish today is that we could have spent more time together. It is ironic that so many things fell together last night in the wee hours. If only we could have started from there and moved forward but each of us will now move forward on our own.

The room last night was so full of love it was painful. Why is it that sometimes love hurts so much? In spite of the hurt we will all go on loving; and that is what makes each of you special...You are all full of love that you are willing to share!

Caring always, Mom



Lynn Robbins

To CLYDE—I leave a six pack in honor of his new found skill.
To NANCY—I leave a bunch of grapes and some real cool whip for her to share with her marine.
To MADAME ANNE—I leave a copy of *The Happy Hooker* so she can learn the "tricks" of the trade, and my resignation.
To MARK VOSVICK—I leave a band-aid.
To JOANNE and JULIE—I leave fifteen alligator shirts apiece.
To LEO—I leave a box of granola and a book entitled *Creative Crossing for the Novice*.
To GLORIA—I leave a pair of Adidas and a track.
To FAITH—I will a little black book to help her keep track of her men.
To MIKE "WILLIES"—I will an alarm clock.
To ALLISON—I leave an open invitation on the weekends. Thank you for the cereal.
To FRANK—I will a scab to eat and a lifetime's supply of snort to pick. Also my thanx for the chuckles and a tape of the musk commercial.
To CRAIG—I leave a surfboard.
To my roomies ANNE and NANCY—I leave a large part of my heart.

To ABBY and JOANNE—I will a good fight.
To SUZANNE—I leave a private phone booth and \$100 in nickles and dimes.
To ROBINA and MARK—I leave a week in a closet (separately) to recover from us. Also 10 books of food coupons and thank you for everything.
To NICKI—I leave an evening out with "the stranger" since I interrupted them in the 7th floor lounge. Sorry.
To FOTI—I leave a book of unique pick-up lines because his are so tired.
To TIM PYLE—I will my thanx for the entertaining imitations.
To JIM—I leave apologies for whatever I did that makes him hate me so much.
To WARREN—I leave deepest apologies for repeatedly waking him up and my thanx for keeping my pickles cold.
To MICHAEL—I leave my appreciation for her friendly smile.

To everyone, I leave a special wish for happiness and luck in the future. My apologies to those not mentioned above, but I'm not a creative person and my meager inspiration ran out. Love you all.

Lynn

I, ALISON DELONG, being of reasonably sound, although underworked mind and body, do hereby apportion between, bestow upon and bequeath to my fellow SSHPers and sundry others the following:

TIM P.—some equilibrium to recover.
JIM F.—a gold plated Ivory Liquid bottle.
NIKKI—Some clean air.
MARK V.—his own "101 Places to Wear Band-aids" commercial and a retaining wall for his mouth.
MICHAEL—better luck with her glass tubing in the lab.
LIBRARY TOUR GUIDE—a mob of ravening, abnormal SSHPers.
NANCY—a vacation from being Rhoda's mom, and thanks for her hospitality.
CLYDE—his own organ grinder, and thanks for the Chem. problem corrections and noose-making lessons.
LYNN—a box of the right kind of granola, enough coconut oil to deepfat-fry herself, and a better equipped massage parlour.
THE "STAR WARS" GANG—one last glorious explosion, a 10% commission on the east's dental work, and a back porch free of bird droppings.
GLORIA—a sign that says, "I'll take that one!" on one side, and, "Turn the TV on!" on the other.
WARREN—Laurie's perfume in his bathroom, a SARP to destroy at will, and a "fridge full of yogurt".
MIKE F.—a lock of baby hair, some nice walks around DC, small parks with ponds, and the Smithsonian's collection of pointy bird's eggs.
FRANK—a record with ED ANGEL on Side 1 and the Stutterer on Side 2, birds that drop on somebody else, pants that never split, and a closet full of snakes for every hanging cat story he ever tells.
LEO—better students for his dance lessons, a (moral) life free of stomach aches, my lousy lab results, and an acceptance into whichever school he chooses.
ANNE—dozens of juicy books to relieve her boredom, a bronze replica of the Key Bridge, shared giggles and snores in Dip's class, a first edition copy of *Nagel and Delong's Schmidt-isms*, and more great things to come.
ROBERT AND KELLY—thanks for putting up with us.

SHERRY—my thanks for being so special, a standing invitation to come listen to my Dan Fogelberg albums, and good luck in law school.
ROBINA—a medal to all her hard work, bats that won't disappear during thunderstorms, love, and a quiet 2nd session.
MARK M.—a rumble in the hall, much love, and visits from me next year.

Suzanne Dolan Wills:

To my roommates, JULIE AND GLORIA, peaceful nights without having to worry about my strange visitors or early morning calls.
And also to JULIE, all of the towels she will ever need to get through dorm life.
To ROBINA, my bed, which in her opinion was probably not slept in enough, and my diary, so she'll know where I really was.
To MARK, a bottle of Grecian Formula to rid himself of his gray hair until next session, and an honorary degree in child psychology, plus my copy of *Games People Play*.
To MIKE FOTI, I leave my copy of *The Last Song*, which is what he always wanted plus my copy of "How Not to Let Private School Ruin Your Social Life."
To LISA, I will her her own bed, her own name and wish future success with "the-guy-in-the-picture."
To GLORIA, I give a grade of A in slamming doors, and I leave the Oxford dictionary of abrupt speeches, my copy of *Roots* and a can of paint to color the practical jokes over her "good girl" image.
To MARK, I will the pool table, ping-pong, chess, and all of those games which you could play better, Band-Aids, and my guardian angel since he seems to have been recalled.
To FAITH, all of the Iranians, Italians, Puerto Ricans, and New Yorkers (but Mark 831) that I've met—play it your way; plus bathrooms to sleep in, (and run from) beds to study in, classes to drink beer in, and DC 101. It was an accident!

I FAITH ENGEL, do bequeath to LISA ROGERS the world's largest book of perverted jokes and stories, all of her wonderful weekends spent off campus with John, the eighth floor trash chute, Bruce's raw egg stunt, the goldfish swimming in our sink, all of our midnight munchie attacks, all of the classy decorations around our room, my shove-them-in-the-bathroom-and-run trick, and a letter a day for the years that she spends in college (with extras on weekends and special occasions).

To SUZANNE DOLAN, I bequeath the extra hershey bars left from our picnic at Fort Hunt, the salad bar at the Les Champs restaurant, the cheese, bread sticks, and no tips at Howard Johnson's, our all night study party, the hot march to the White House with the protesters, our song "Summer," the many fun weekends we spent bumming around, and most of the guys that we have picked up during the past five weeks.

I bequeath to TIMOTHY FYLE a Watergate liquor store for his very own, the 95 that I made on my midterm in Calculus, a nose guard, his own pro-hockey team, the "History of Omar Kayam" and the porcelain pipe from the Oriental Rug shop for his future dream house, a ten year subscription to Godhead, a book on the art of freaking people out, endless nights, a good life and the girl in room 926.

To GLORIA RECKREY, I leave the Smith Center, soggy tennis balls, and a service elevator that doesn't stop on the eighth floor.

I bequeath to TIM NOBLE a year's worth of lessons so that he may learn how to win at eight ball.

To MIKE FOTI I leave my psychology books, a course in psychoanalysis, and our long walk to Georgetown.

I bequeath to LEO LOPEZ a song to fit his name so that I can sing it everytime he starts singing Adestes Fidelis and a pair of scissors so that

I JOANNE SCHWARZ being of right mind, leave the following items to the members of SSHP:

To WARREN (my twin)—I leave a couple hundred "rigger shirts," a set of weights and a new bottle of "Bacardi-water" 151.
To MIKE—I leave Alex's poetic ability and a patch.
To JIM—I leave a toy naval destroyer and a set of new lawn chairs.
To NIKKI—I leave a new bottle of baby-oil for Carl's back and a "free ride" with Amtrak.
To TIM NOBLE—I leave a copy of "Beach Blanket Bingo" and S.R.C.'s short shorts.
To FRANK—I leave a box of soap for his shirts and a copy of "The Fear of Dinosaurs."
To TIM PYLE—I leave a case of medicine droppers and a copy of Deep Throat's "Manual on How To Get Joanne Scared In Lab."
To CLYDE—I leave a pillow for Chem. class.
To ANN—I leave Ili Nastasse's ability to be a "killer" and zi mune, zi staz and zi nite (for when he wants to be a Leonardo).
To JULIE—I leave Richard's accent and a copy of "Where to Find Handsome Guys in D.C."
And finally to ABBY—I leave.

he can trim the bottom of his pants without using nail clippers.

To JOANNE SCHWARZ and NIKKI LINGON, I bequeath company passes to visit the Amtrak employees any time they so desire.

I bequeath to CLYDE SMITHSON a lifetime supply of Macke food (yummy), a beggar's cup full of saran wrap, and one free pass to ride the dark elevator of his choice.

To JIM FAUGHNAN, I leave a healthy supply of Roy Rogers roast beef sandwiches and a deflated bagpipe.

I bequeath to WARREN DRANIT a unique life size blow up of model Farah Fawcett Majors (including three interchangeable outfits) along with selected clips from How to Look at the Camera When Getting Your Picture Taken.

To MARK VOSVICK I leave all my zippers, buttons, and ties.

I bequeath to FRANK SCHUMACHER the songs "Knowing Me, Knowing You" and "Undercover Angel", and "Margaret-Tom" commercials, and one copy of *Beyond Xaveria*.

To ANNE, LYNN, and NANCY I leave the best of luck and much success in the future of their particular business.

I bequeath to MARK MITCHELL the telescope that I have been using to peek into his room every night. "A's" on his graduate exams because he studies so hard and many more angelic children like SUZANNE and I so he won't go prematurely grey.

To CRAIG SHIKUMA—"o'oe ka haku"—Japanese is an interesting language.

I bequeath to ROBINA WHORF the midnight talks, curfew sheets, TIM PYLE and the third floor.

Frank Schumacher Wills:

To NANCY, a real scab out; "Mmmm, I-I-I-I will th-th-the St-St-utt-tt-er. I will ED ANGEL to LYNN, L-Y-N-N. To JULIE and her silent laugh, I will "BALDY" who will introduce her to Teddy Sorenson and make her "neigh." To JOANNE, I will the home version of the "Dinosaur Game" hoping she won't get the "willies" too bad. I will David and his antiques to anyone that wants them. I will Dr. Leblanc's new book "the eeeLEEts roooble" to WARREN.
To NIKKI, my favorite 14 year old, I will "Mom" and my apologies for walking in on her and whoever in the 7th floor lounge. To ANNE, I will my sex, panic, and bored buttons so she'll have two of each.
To MIKE F., I will a night on the town with Mrs. Moneybags... he's got the time and she's got the dime. To GLORIA, I will "In Excelais Deo." To CLYDE, I will 5 ents, 2 hobgoblins, 10 orcs, some green slime and a new "tweeter" radio. To LEO, I will a stiff upper lip to match the upper one he already has and a wash cloth to clean the bird doo off the Treasury Department. To ROBINA, I will all the "poops" she wants. To TIM N., I will a one way ticket to Urine, South Dakota so he can come and "flip the loop," a brand new supply of boxer underwear to wear with his shorts, and a pamphlet on how to color coordinate his clothes. And finally to Abby, I can't will anything, because she already has everything you look for in a good friend.



Craig Shikuma

To WARREN I leave some of my mail, to PYLE I leave my Hawaiian Punch Maker Title, to LYNN I leave Women's Rights to JOANNE I leave my tennis savy, to JULIE I wish many more nights with Fred Astaire. To ABBY I leave a Christmas card, to FOTI I leave my Sigmund Freud Kit. To JIM I leave my soccer toe, to NIKKI I leave my running toe, to LEO I leave by Filipino Bamboo dance bamboos. To NANCY I leave a T.V. series, to CLYDE I leave JANE, to MARK M. I leave my keys and to ROBINA I leave my dancing toe. To all I wish a fulfilled life.

SSHP Calendar of significant and insignificant events

June

- 12—night bus tour of Washington, reception in piano lounge
- 13—1st floor meeting
- 14—Nicky's birthday bellow—I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it any more 9:00 Jim's bellow 9:15 Clyde's bellow 9:30 Gloria's bellow 10:00 Nancy's bellow
- 15—1st publication of homicide frisbee robes
- 16—Anita Hannjob, Janet Uppisass, Hugh G. Rection arrive
- 17—picnic at Fort Hunt; library tour, party on 3rd floor
- 18—all night discussion group, free driers
- 19—Marcel Marceau at Kennedy Center, Father's Day, dinner and dance at Paradise Cafe
- 20—dead rat count in Frank's brain
- 21—stutterer eats sock fuzz; 1st water squirting party
- 22—Midnight raid at White House, you know who did you know what with you know who
- 23—Carl Amtrack, 3rd floor Jim, and Jim F. ride toilet in elevator
- 24—Amtrak leaves, 1st night jogging to Monument
- 25—All Night Strot at Ford's Theatre
- 26—Orgy in Robina's room, convertible night ride through Washington
- 27—Engineering seminar, light goes off in elevator
- 28—Tim N. gets sick from Macke food, Joanne's nephew is born
- 29—Mark M. flunks Greek and Latin roots test, party at Marvin Center
- 30—Saran wrap wraps Robina, Nancy's birthday

July

- 1—floor party - good punch - raw brownies!
- 2—James Taylor at Merriweather Post Pavilion
- 3—Laurie arrives! Willie's alarm clock fest
- 4—fireworks at Washington Monument
- 5—obscene growth appears on wall, 1st bowling of beer cans tournament
- 6—Boz Scaggs at Merriweather Post Pavilion
- 7—A.M. Massage Parlor Opens in R 828
P.M. Massage parlor closed in R 828
- 8—Of Mice and Men at Kennedy Center
- 9—bedtime stories in R 828
- 10—Sunrise at Jefferson Memorial
- 11—2nd dead rat count in Frank's brain
- 12—Craig and Mark U. meet halfway, Five! Stutterer wears baby blue pajamas
- 13—Clyde found missing....Michelle missing....!
- 14—War games begin, Blazing Saddles at Marvin Center
- 15—Chicago concert
- 16—Williamsburg expedition
- 17—4th and final dead rat count in Frank's brain, picnic at Whoopie-bird's
- 18—Craig learns English, Clyde tells funny joke
- 19—Final bash
- 20—Goodbyes, SSHP summer camp begins

Hot Gossip

Did you know that the football team of Frank's school is called the Huronals?

Item: Michealle was gone on the July 4th weekend...

Item: Clyde was gone on the July 4th weekend...

A Filipino exchange student was recently overheard rating a male passer-by as a 9 (on a scale of 1 to 10). We hope he got his phone number.

Gloria grew a new tail; it's called a Karl Amtrack.

Who was that 39D blond with the tossed look who was seen sneaking out of Room 813 last Saturday, July 2? We'll never tell, but if you want to know ask Warren or Leo.

Craig was inducted into the Ugly Old Bitch's Club of Massage Room 828 last June 9. Prerequisite to membership: spend one night in Room 828 (doing what?????!!)

Item: An unidentified source reveals that a certain tall South Dakotan was seen leaving a dark elevator with the Stutterer, their hands tightly clasped with blood dripping from the Stutterer's hand.

Any truth to the rumor that the SSHP is being turned into a summer camp?

What's happening to our family? Are we losing our mommy and daddy? Divorce seems inevitable as infidelity runs rampant.

SSHP Summer Camp Song

(To the tune of "Budweiser")

When you've seen SSHP (pronounced shsh ppp)
You've seen a lot of things nobody else will see
When you've seen SSHP
You've been a lot of things you've always dreamed
you'd be

Too much of Macke food
The kids are always crude
We're always out of cash
DC air smells like hash

When you say SSHP
You know the Willies, Freakies, and remember Creepy, too
When you say SSHP
And a lot of other friends who will remember you

When we go to a play
We always sleep away
We study once a week
And that is at our peak

When you say SSHP
You've said the gorgeous men and number "tens"
all the way
When you say SSHP
You've said those watchful eyes and
happy times everyday

Our hearts will now be lost
But Boz was worth the cost
It will be our king
We love the way he sings

When you say S—S—H—P—
You've said it all



Tim Pyle grabs a Big Mac!!!

Addresses



And in the beginning...everyone was a little bit shy...



We started out slowly, building a firm base...

Love is that feeling you're left with
when all have gone home.
We came together with one
common goal in mind—
to get through Secondary School
Honors Program.

Now it looks as though we made
our goal, and yet attained
a little more.

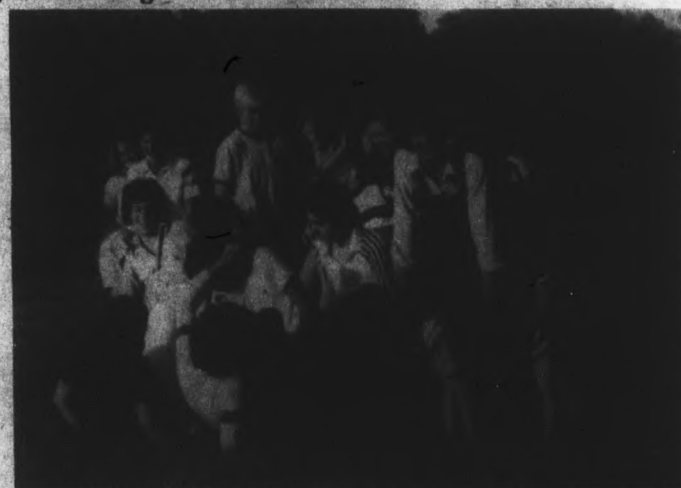
Some call it love, some call it experience,
for lack of better explanation,
I call it savoring precious droplets of life.

Thank you all for sharing a little piece
of life with me.

—Mark Mitchell



It took us a while to get our act together but we did it!!!



Now, it's over and time to call it quits. KEEP IN TOUCH!!!

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